A

POEM

On the new

WELLS

AT

ISLINGTON.

BEtimes i'th Morn I Roſe up 'tother Day,
When fair *Aurora* did her Beams diſplay;
And Glittering *Phœbus* from his drowſie Bed,
With cheerful Light the *Fields* did overſpread:
At *Iſlington* to the new *Wells* I came,
Which are of late renown'd with ſo much Fame:
I Entred, and I wonder'd to Behold
Such a great Company in ſuch a Fold.
Here Ladies Fine and Gay were ſipping up,
One was the third, 'tother the ſecond Cup.
Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, there were drinking too;
Waters more fit than *Wine* for ſuch a Crew.
Ladies and Butchers Wives you there might ſee,
Bulkers and Whores, higgle de pigle de.
Some drink the *Waters* to promote *Child*-bearing,
Others to keep the Body in good wearing:
Green-ſickneſs Girls, they in whole Troops do come,
To waſh a way the Dirt they've eat at Home:
Others to Purge away unlawful Iſſues,
Come in their *Silks*, their *Sattins*, and their *Tiſſues*.
Some Pockey Courſes to theſe *Wells* do come,
That have not *Mercury* to Flux at Home:
Or if they had, 'tis here they meet: Gallants
You muſt not think that all that come are Saints.

The

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The Waters too breed Stomach's to their Meat;
I fear ſome of 'em have not Bread to Eat.
Here you may ſee a Spewing by your ſide,
A City Coxcomb by his Country Bride.
How does your *Waters* paſs to Day? ſays *Jenny*,
I've drank ſix Pints that are well worth a *Guiney*;
They come ſo freely from me, and ſo Cool,
I Vow to you this is the ſeventh Stool.
With this Diſcourſe they paſs'd away the time,
And waſh away their naſtty Filth and Slime.
By a miſchance I fell into a Trap,
'Twas my Misfortune, and my great Miſhap
To wander in the Womens walk, where none
Are ſufferr'd for to walk but they alone;
I was no ſooner entred but they fell
A Hooting at me like the *Devil* in *Hell*:
Never was Man ſo bawl'd at by ſuch Curs,
Nor Dogs Bark more at Beaſts in *Lyons* Furs.
There is a Lady there, as People ſay,
That takes but eight long Hours in every Day,
To part her Eye-brows, and put on falſe Hair,
And thinks her ſelf moſt wonderfully Fair:
If once you ſaw her, ſhe wou'd make you more,
Than Dire *Mægera's* ſnaky Locks abhor.
Phyſicians ſay this *Water* is moſt rare;
Turnbridge and *Epſom*, are not to Compare.
Now are there then ſo many *Cuckolds* made,
Cuckoldom now is almoſt grown a Trade.
So many undertakers that 'tis grown
A meer Monopoly to walk upon:
We ſhall at laſt have every Pond a *Well*,
'Twas ſo in Ancient Dayes, as Stories tell.
Inſtead of *Wine* this *Water* let's Carouſe,
Our Grandame *Eve* had never other Bouſe:
Let us no more with *Wine* be Drunken Sots,
But ever ſtick unto our *Water-Pots*.

LONDON,

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